# BASSETT GETS A BIG SURPRISE

## Talk of Polecats Comes to Climax in Poker Game at Old Greenlaw's.

By David A. Curtis.

A considerable time had elapsed since there had been any serious physical encounter, or rather any that was accounted serious, in old man Greenlaw's little saloon in Arkansas City, and Joe Bassett, being a man who delighted in strife more keenly than in any other of the pleasures of life that were available in that locality, was depressed in spirit accordingly.

His mental outlook was peculiar, to say the least. It was fairly well described by Sam Pearsall, who said of him one day: "Joe ain't never what mought be called good natured 'thouten he's into a fight. 'Pears like th'aint nothin' makes him 's cheerful 's it does to be chawin' somebody's ear."

Even in Arkansas City, however, ears were not at that time customarily chewed unless upon some provocation, and the citizens of that place being acquainted with Mr. Bassett's idiosyncrasy, were charity of provoking him, so that he found small zest in life when there were no strangers there.

Not everybody knew, however, what kind of a place Arkansas City was, and in consequence people sometimes got off the boats and if they were not quick to observe they sometimes allowed the boat to get away before they went back on board.

**Stranger Strays Into Greenlaw's.**

Being thus stranded, as it were, they would go into old man Greenlaw's saloon, and doings would ensue. One such wayfarer came in at the particular time when Mr. Bassett was suffering from depression of spirit, as was said, and almost immediately paved the way toward occurrences by what seemed an incautious remark. He had invited the company to drink, first, according to the prevailing custom of that part of the country, and so had established a tentative footing from which he might have advanced to a favorable position, but no.

"This yer town 'pears to be kyind o' dead," he observed, with a supercilious air. "I sh'd say what if they wan't somepin' did tol'able soon it'd be liable fo' to smell bad."

**Natural History Debated.**

"Is that so?" said old man Greenlaw indifferently. "I hain't took notice o' no p'tic'lar perfume recent, not afo' yo' all come in, I didn't. Yo' all haint run foul o' no polecat lately, have yo'?"

"Hain't had no s'picion o' nothng like that, not afo' I done come asho', I hain't," responded the stranger promptly, "but mebbe that's what I done took notice of. Mought be a polecat, but what's been did to it? 'Pears like somebody must ha' aggervated it somepin' shameful."

"They don't nobody round these parts monkey with no polecats," replied the old man sternly, "not 'thouten they gits f'miliar. 'Taint reckoned none too healthy fo' nobody to git thataway, not onto a short acquaintance, tain't, an' polecats ain't no 'xception. Mebbe yo' all mought do well if yo' was to make a note o' that thar. We uns ain't noways p'tic'ler 'bout how we gits rid of 'em."

"Well, 'tain't nothin' to me how yo' treats 'em," said the stranger with lofty indifference, "on'y I'd a heap druther not come asho' if I'd a knowed they was active as they 'pears to be. Back where I come from we don't gen'ly 'low 'em to stay around.

**Bassett Grows Sarcastic.**

"Yo' all 'pears to have a mighty po' 'pinion o' yo' kin," observed Bassett in a tone betokening exasperation. "They ain't nobody hyar gives a damn where 'tis yo' done come from, but th'ain't no difficulty 'bout understandin' why yo' done come, 'cordin' to what yo' says. 'Pears like yo' must ha' been drove out. Somepin' like that's liable to happen hyar if yo' keeps on wavin' your tail like yo' is."

"Joe's right, but he ain't noways diplomatic," interposed the old man, as he saw that the stranger was about to reply ungently. He was not himself adverse to strife when the proper time arrived, but he abandoned the premature fomentation of it, and he had seen when the stranger paid for his drinks that he had a wad.

"They is some longitude 'lowed to them what don't know no better," he continued. "But Bassett sho' does hate to hear Arkansas City spoke disrespec'ful of, an' I reckon yo' all is pressin' the limit some, talkin' o' polecats. 'Pears like yo' mought a found somepin' else to talk about."

**Nearing Fighting Talk.**

"I wa'n't thinkin's o' polecats till yo' all mentioned 'em 'yo own self," said the stranger indignantly, "but I seen right away what——"

"No. Nor they wa'n't nobody else thinkin' o' polecats till yo' all done come in," interrupted Bassett. "Then they couldn't nobody think o' nothin' else."

"I sh'd say what that come tol'able nigh being fightin' talk," said the stranger calmly. He still stood leaning his elbow on the bar, as if wholly disinterested, but he narrowed his eyes slightly and looked fixedly at Bassett. They had not taken particular notice of his appearance before, but, considering the circumstances, it seemed worth while to do so. He looked capable.

"Mought me tooken thataway," admitted Bassett, with a happy smile. He peeled off his coat as he spoke and advanced threateningly, but the stranger did not move unless the change in his expression might be considered to involve motion. A look of surprise came into his face.

**House Sets 'Em Up.**

"I wa'n't lookin' fo' no fight when I come in," he began, showing no particular concern, "but if yo' all is hell bent——" Then he paused and looked at old man Greenlaw as the latter interrupted again:

"First off, they'll be a round o' frinks, an' they'll be on the house this time," he said. "I don't p'pose fo' to interfere if they's gwine to be diddins, but they ain't no reel 'casion fo' a fight, not yet they ain't, an', anyways, it'll have to be did outside. I ain't gwine to have the place all tore up, an' afo' the festivities begins they'd better be a few mo' drinks.

"This un's on the house," he said again, while he was placing glasses and a bottle on the bar.

Even Bassett was unable to think of a valid objection to this proposition, an' he turned to the bar.

As for the stranger, he seemed entirely indifferent, and he probably was. Having stopped over in Arkansas City, he realized that the worst had already happened. Whatever might happen to him there would at least serve to keep him from meditating on the fact of being there, and would, therefore be some alleviation at least. Having tasted the old man's liquor already he realized the inevitable consequence of taking more of it, not being used to it, but even that did not terrify him. He drank with the others, but he took only a very small drink.

**Leading Up to a Game.**

Meantime the old man exchanged BASSETT GETS—GAL TWO SUNDY. meaning looks with Jim Blaisdell and Jake Winterbottom, who were of the party, and Jake, catching his meaning, said, as he set his glass back, "Mebbe it mought be worth while fo' to put off that game till a'ter Joe and the gent is done tooken their exercise, Jim."

But Jim said: "No. We uns c'n start it goin' an' they c'n set in later if they likes. They's done been c'nsidable valyable time lost a'ready, an' we c'n play three-handed till they're through, 'thouten the old man'll set in fo' a spell just to be sociable, an' make it fo'-handed.

But the old man said: "I reckon I won't play tonight. Three o' yo'll be enough fo' to start in, an' mo'n likely Joe an' the gent'll be through by the time things gits 'xcitin'. Yo' all wa'n't thinkin' o' fightin' long, was you?" he added, turning to the stranger.

"Well, that d'pends," said the stranger. "I wa'n't thinkin' o fightin' at all, but 'pears like they is some call fo' it, an' I reckon this gent'll have to be satisfied, first off. Pears like it'd be mo' nachul like fo' to set in at the game afo' mixin'. Likely they'll be mo' to fight about if it's poker what's gwine to be played."

"That's spoke like a man," exclaimed old man Greenlaw with great satisfaction. "Joe 'pears to be some het up, but I reckon he ain't in no gre't hurry. Be yo', Joe?"

**Bassett Decides to Yield.**

Mr. Bassett was not much given to speech, but it was evident from his manner that he was not greatly pleased. He had been willing enough to forego his favorite amusement for a time when the old man had set 'em up, but the greater delay involved in playing poker was little to hi staste. He was not, however, entirely destitute of fine feelings and perceiving the possibility of pecuniary gain in the postponement he yielded, albeit he did so ungraciously.

"Have it yo' own way," he said, shrugging his massive shoulders, and, picking up his coat, he went with the others into the little room back of the saloon.

The stranger tagged along without haste but with no evident reluctance. He seemed, indeed, to have little interest in the proceedings, but to be willing enough for anything that might happen. They studied him carefully without appearing to do so, as was their custom when about to begin a game, but they were unable to form definite conclusions. On the one hand he looked entirely capable of looking after himself in almost any emergency, as has been said already, but on the other hand there was a listlessness in his bearing that indicated an utter lack of relish for his surroundings. It was as if in fishing for bluefish they had hooked a cod. They saw no prospect of rousing him to excitement, no matter how the game might go.

**His Capital Seemed Ample.**

Nevertheless, he took his seat at the table readily enough and did not balk when the old man demanded $100 as the price of a stack. Moreover, they saw that he did not by any means exhaust his available capital when he handed over the money. There was therefore a possibility that his very indifference might prove advantageous to them. And they were all actuated by a high resolve to make it exciting for him if they could.

Accordingly, they started the game with no apparent regard to the monetary value attaching to the chips they were using, bluffing one another outrageously when the stranger refused to stay and pretending little caution in their play even when he joined in the contest. It could not be said that he seemed greatly stirred by these tactics, but they noted with satisfaction that he played, whenever he did play, with as little thought as they of the size of his bets, but presently a climax developed.

It came from Bassett presuming too far on the stranger's insouciance. Nobody had ever criticised Mr. Bassett openly. His behavior in physical encounters was beyond cavil, but in a game of poker there was perhaps a shade too much of recklessness in his maneuvers, and though his friends forebore to comment on it they realized that it involved a certain peril. They saw—indeed they could not avoid seeing—that he was a little careless in the way he took a card that Pearsall handed over to him after the draw.

**Stranger Shows Interest.**

The stranger saw it, too. He could not help it. For the first time he showed keen interest, and he spoke out sharply, though his voice was unimpassioned when he said:

"I reckoned mebbe me an' yo'd find somepin' to fight about what was mo' satisfactory 'n that thar fool talk o' polecats. Now, yo' all c'n either eat that cyard or fight, whichever yo' damn please, but it'll be one or t'other right quick."

"An' yo' all needn't to be wavin' that stick," he continued, addressing old man Greenlaw as he entered the back room with his bungstarter. "Me an' this gent c'n settle this yer question our ownselfs."

Not even the old man could think of anything likely to be more satisfactory than what the stranger proposed, and as Mr. Bassett disdained the use of artillery in a conflict with a single unarmed foe and as the stranger made no motion toward drawing a gun, they all went out on the levee.

Both contestants threw off their coats and the others observed with great interest that though the stranger was half a head shorter than Bassett he had phenomenal shoulders and arms and that his chest was as thick fore and aft as it was sideways. Moreover, he showed them immediately that his legs were in good condition and were marvelously nimble, for when Bassett made a rush for him he stepped to one side and the local champion passed three or four yards by before he could check himself.

**A Different Kind of a Cat.**

Then came another surprise, for before he could turn the stranger leaped upon his back, seizing him about the neck with his two hands and wrapping his legs so closely around the champion's arms that the latter could not even raise them.

The force of the impact sent them both to the ground with the stranger on top, and then for a brief space Mr. Bassett was manhandled to an extent that not even the stranger could fail to find satisfactory.

The two were speedily torn apart, but the ineradicable fact remained. Mr. Bassett had been fairly licked and the stranger wore a smile of ineffable content. There was much turmoil and some talk of subjecting the stranger to harsh treatment, but Bassett himself intervened.

"The drinks is on me," he said. "I sho' did make one mistake. I done took yo' all fo' a polecat, but that was afo' I knowed yo' was a bobcat."

# CHARGE WILSON HOLDS UP OUR FOREIGN TRAED

## Republicans Say He Bars America's Opportunity in the Far East.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 2.—The Republican national committee has charged President Wilson with deliberately blocking American trade in China through his unwillingness to state in writing the position which, according to the state department, he has assumed voluntarily.

The reason ascribed for his refusal is that such a statement would supply evidence of further complete reversals of policy.

"One of the first important acts of the present administration affecting the foreign relations of this country was to repudiate, publicly and offensively, the tacit agreement entered into by the Republican administration with certain New York bankers to participate in the so-called 'six power loan' to China," says this statement.

**Explanatory Heroics.**

"The Democratic party purposes to divorce Washington from Wall street, was in effect the flamboyant announcement made to the public by Secretary Bryan at the dictation of President Wilson, and the bankers who had come forward and agreed, at the instance of Secretary Knox, to advance funds for the development of the new China were, metaphorically speaking, kicked out of the state department door.

"Those familiar with far eastern conditions realized the gravity of this blunder at the time, and by many of them it was pronounced the closing of the open door, which John Hay and his predecessors had so skillfully opened and kept open, despite the astute diplomacy of European and Asiatic competitors.

**Wilson Sees His Blunder.**

"Three years after making his deplorable blunder, President Wilson was forced to a realization of his mistake. Accordingly, only a few weeks ago, Mr. Wilson sent William Phillips, third assistant secretary of state, to New York to persuade certain bankers to come forward once more and advance the funds which China so sorely needs.

"The bankers generously overlooked their former repudiation and promptly agreed to renew the negotiations. After organizing their forces they sent a delegation to Washington to consult the acting secretary of state.

"But the bankers wanted some form of written assurance from the administration that they would not again be contumeliously repudiated. And here occurred the hitch in the negotiations. President Wilson was willing to have his spokesman in the state department, behind closed doors, admit that 'probably the president had been mistaken' in the previous instance, but even the extraordinary opportunity to promote the foreign trade of the United States was insufficient to induce him to have his representative give the bankers any sort of written guarantee. And so this golden opportunity is in grave danger of being lost."

**Other Extravagances.**

Chairman Wilcox of the Republican national committee issued further figures pointing to Democratic extravagances. He cited Clearwater, Fla., Mount Olive, N. C., and Hazard, Ky., their combined population being 2,679 and their three federal buildings costing $110,000. He showed the annual appropriations in the last four Republican years to total $3,799,915,000, whereas these of four Democratic years, excluding preparedness items, will total $4,605,000,000.

# WHEN COW IS GOLF HAZARD, SCORER MUST BE SOLOMON

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 2.—Fred Behring and E. W. Snowden were playing for the class D championship on the municipal golf links when a cow strolled across the field. To a caddy's attempt to drive it off it replied, "Moo."

Just then Behring swung and his ball went into the cow's mouth. He chased the animal, beating it with his club. The cow ran to a point near the next hole before it dropped the ball.

Behring putted the ball in and claimed he made the hole in two. The official scorer was appealed to.

"You made it in thirty-one", he told Behring. "You struck that cow with that club twenty-nine times before she dropped the ball on the green."

# ARMY CAMPS HERE TO STAY SAY RECRUITS

## Men at Plattsburg Confident System Will Develop Into Something Big.

PLATTSBURG, Sept. 2.—The new American army which former Secretary of War Garrison dreamed of and named "The Continentals" may yet be an accomplished fact. Some 15,000 men have learned the rudiments of warfare on the shores of Lake Champlain, and, counting other camps, there are now more than 20,000 camp-trained men in the country who have learned something about soldiering in the summer weeks which they formerly gave up to golf, fishing and sitting on hotel piazzas.

Every camp that is held has a differing character. College boys are always college boys, and from the beginning they have taken to the outdoor camp life obediently in response to the behest of faculties and parents, treating the time so spent as part of the school period, waiving questions of vacations, considering the spice of adventure and additional prestige at home and in school sufficient balance for the time spent and hard work performed.

The business and professional men look at things differently, and the viewpoint varies with successive camps. In June it seemed as though the entire camp might be called upon for active service, and in June also arose the first marked comparison between the training camps and the national guard. Moreover, there was a greater proportion of clerks and employees whose coming to camp was instigated by the men "higher up."

**Has Come to Stay.**

In July the great size of the camp, four regiments being at work at the same time, gave a tone to the course which ended with the march through the streets of Plattsburg on August 8, when was made the most striking military formation which the country has seen in a long time. In July also became accentuated the comparison between the citizen army idea and the militia. The national guard was recognized as being on trial on the Mexican border, and the training camp recruits felt they should take special pains to make good and demonstrate the effectiveness of the intensive system of army training.

The national guard influence nearly put an end to the training camps early in the season. But in the present camp there is a growing feeling that the new system has come to stay and that it will in time develop into something large and far reaching.

Each successive camp is bringing back veterans of former camps who take places as non-commissioned officers and acting second lieutenants, and this procedure has a tendency to give a certain continuity to the camp work which it did not possess at the beginning and which is now one of its strongest points.

There is one man in camp now who has been to four camps: Lawrence Bolte, of Chicago, who went first to the camp at Ludington, Mich., in 1914; to San Francisco in 1915, to the July camp at Plattsburg this year, and now to the August camp. Ames Penfield, another Chicago man, has been to Ludington and San Francisco and now is in the present camp. To neither of these men is a second lieutenancy specially attractive, but they are both fitted for the officers' reserve corps under the new law and will more than likely be drawn into that body.

**Many New Yorkers There.**

Two of the most striking things about the present camps which have been largely true of other camps are the large quota of recruits drawn from the three great cities of the Atlantic seaboard and the marked predominance of New Yorkers. Take, for instance, Company L, in the Eighth regiment, with a membership of 108. It has seventy-three hailing from New York and vicinity—a proportion of two to one, Boston furnishing about twenty of the remainder.

Company K, of the Eighth regiment has over thirty metropolitan members. To skip over to the Ninth regiment, take Mayor Mitchel's company, B. Here are nearly fifty members from New York and vicinity out of a membership of about 120.

Mayor Mitchel is, by the way, a good camper. He likes the life and does his share of the "chores." His comrades enjoy having a live mayor in their midst, although as a military man he goes by the rank of second lieutenant, which carries with it few magisterial prerogatives.

The treatment of the men has been very democratic, and they seem to rather enjoy the sinking and mingling of the individualities. To do away with any possibility of favoritism, the officers appear to and usually actually do ignore all classes. Indeed General Wood gave them strict injunction that all must look alike in their eyes, practically going so far as to say that if a member of the cabinet should join the camp he should be treated just like anybody else. Of course, he did not use those words and there is no danger of a cabinet member becoming a rookie; but one ex-secretary of war, Henry L. Stimson, and one ex-assistant secretary, Henry Breckenridge, are in this camp, and no report has come of either one of them being particularly favored.

When the men are lined up on registration about five are told off to one company, and the same to another. Then when assembled by their company commanders they are lined up and graded by height and then told into squads of eight—the number prescribed by the regulations and the number accommodated by a tent. Rather harmonious households they make too, far more so than would be expected under the circumstances of intermingling. If there are exceptions to this miscellaneous method of disposing of the men, they are few and far between and not noticeable.

It has been demonstrated that the intensive method of citizen training has extremely productive qualities so far as providing material for the making of an army. The men who have passed through one training camp can no longer be called raw, and it takes no more than two camps in succession to sift those who have no aptitude for command from those who will make at least non-commissioned officers.

The factor of the officers' reserve corps presents perhaps the most interesting problem in the elaboration of an army system to avoid the necessity for a large standing army. Just what kind of an officer can be made out of a citizen without interfering with his regular mode of life and occupation and by taking only a small portion of his time annually remains to be seen. Another year of training camp experience will go far to show.

One thing of interest to be noted in these camps is that the recruits are almost certain to be firm converts to the idea of universal service and training, and equally firm opponents of having a large standing army. This last seems to be the prevailing army view today—apparently based on the lesson of the European war, that neither this nor any other country can support an army large enough to serve the purpose in a great war, whether of offense or defense, conducted in accordance with modern methods.

# BILLY SUNDAY WON'T TURN OTHER CHEEK

## Says He Can Take Care of Himself and a Few Others as Well.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., Sept. 2.—"If you don't want to hear about hell, don't poke your head around here for the next ten days."

So Billy Sunday, opening a summer campaign, warned his audience in the auditorium here. Ten thousand persons, mostly women, heard him, morning and evening, as he gave Old Nick—well, Old Nick would not have dared to poke his head around there. Literally and figuratively, Billy Sunday has his coat off. Here are some of his heated expressions:

"The trouble is if a preacher mentions hell fire he immediately shocks his congregation to death. I like to use good, old Anglo-Saxon when I am talking. If a man takes something that doesn't belong to him, he's a thief and not a kleptomaniac. If a man drinks, he's a dirty 'booze hister and not a dipsomaniac."

"There was a time when a preacher was considered a locomotive, and it was thought that by blowing off a little smoke and ashes he could pull the whole bunch into heaven."

"How many of you ginks put on a prayer meeting face when you see a white necktie and a Prince Albert coat?"

"A lot of you preachers are going daffy about social service. I believe in social service if it has Christ in it, but as for your Christless kind, none for mine."

**Can Go Five Rounds Top Speed.**

"Jesus Christ says 'Forgive your debtors.' The world says, 'Sue them for the dough.'"

"Jesus Christ says, 'You cannot serve God and mammon.' The world says, 'Serve God Sunday and mammon the rest of the week.'"

"Jesus Christ says, 'Whoever smiteth thee on one cheek, turn the other.' The world says, 'Call the sheriff or phone for a cop.'"

Billy admitted that he did not know what he would do if any one should smite him.

"I believe I would clear for action," he said, "like a battleship, and give him the best example of muscular Christianity he ever witnessed. I can take care of myself and a couple of others as well. I can give five rounds so fast you can't see me for dust. I've got a temper like a sheet iron stove. A bunch of shavings and a match will make it red hot in two minutes."

The preacher went on:

"Some people are so tight that if you ask them to sing 'Old Hundred' they will sing 'Ninety and Nine' and save 1 per cent.

**Society Gets a Wallop.**

"Society will sit in some swell home and play bridge whist all day for some dinky cream pitcher; another gang will sit in a stinking beer joint with a greasy pack of cards playing for the miserable jack pot of pennies or nickels, with a glass of beer in front of them. Of the two I fear the former most. They may get my boy; the others won't. The latter are the graduates of the former."

"Don't you dare stand up and say God has nothing to do with war. How do you know God doesn't mean for the Allies to punish Germany for the miserable heresy that crawled out of Leipsic and Heidelberg? How do you know that He doesn't mean for Germany to punish Russia for Russia's persecution of the Jews? How do you know God doesn't mean for Germany to punish France for tearing down the monasteries? How do you know God doesnt mean for the Allies to drive Turkey off the face of the map? I hope He does that, anyhow."

Just before the collection was taken up the Rev. Mr. Sunday said simply: "Go to it, ushers."

# HOME OF LINCOLN TO BE GIVEN TO NATION

## Formal Ceremonies Will Take Place Monday and Wilson Will Speak.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS)

HODGENVILLE, Ky., Sept. 2.—The Lincoln farm of 110 acres, the little log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born, a magnificant memorial hall which shelters it and an endowment fund of $50,000 for its maintenance will be presented as a gift to the nation next Monday by the Lincoln Farm Association. Impressive ceremonies at which will be present many of the most important figures of the nation and state, including President Wilson and Secretary of War Baker, will mark the occasion. They will be opened by an invocation by the Rev. Charles R. Hemphill, of Louisville, president of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Kentucky. The first address will be made by former Governor Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri, president of the Lincoln Farm Association. He will be introduced by General John B. Castleman, of Louisville. Mr. Folk will be followed by Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, who will deliver an address on "Abraham Lincoln and the South".

**Baker to Accept Gift.**

The presentation of the deed of gift to the Lincoln farm will then be made by Robert J. Collier, of New York, and will be accepted by Secretary Baker.

An address by President Wilson will follow the acceptance.

The arrangements for the ceremonies have been in the hands of a committee made up of several hundred citizens of Louisville and the state. Henry Watterson is the honorary chairman; William Marshall Bullitt, former solicitor general of the United States, is the active chairman; and Arthur B. Krock, managing editor of the Courier-Journal, is secretary.

The presentation takes place a little more than 110 years since Thomas Lincoln's father, first laid claim to its title.

In March, 1806 Thomas Lincoln with his bride, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, took possession of a farm on the banks of Nolin creek in Larue county, then a part of Hardin county. Here with his own hands Thomas Lincoln put up a rude log cabin constructed of unhewn logs, the chinks daubed with clay, and in it Abraham Lincoln was born, February 12, 1909.

Here during the next nine years he who was to be known as the "Great Emancipator" enjoyed the only real boyhood that ever came to him, for with the removal of Thomas Lincoln with his family to Indiana and later to Illinois many of the burdens of manhood were thrust upon the child's shoulders.

**Farm is Sold.**

The Lincoln farm remained in the hands of the family of the first purchaser for about seventy years, although they considered it to be of but little value. Then it was sold to A. W. Dennett, of New York, a wealthy restaurant owner, who purposed to convert it into a public park. Financial reverses made it impossible for him to carry out his intentions.

The farm had constantly declined and presented a woeful scene of neglect and decay. So poor was it that a caretaker into whose hands it was given in consideration of his agreement to pay the taxes was considered by his neighbors to have made a bad bargain, because the land would not produce enough of value to pay the taxes and the value of his labor.

A short time later the little log-cabin which Thomas Lincoln had built for his bride, and in which Abraham Lincoln was born, was sold to a traveling showman. He took it about the country exhibiting it and finally stored the dismembered structure in a cellar, from which it was rescued at the instance of Robert J. Collier, who purchased the showman's claims.

In 1906 Mr. Collier learned that the Lincoln farm was about to be sold and was in danger of falling into the hands of persons who wished to use it for exploiting their wares, among them being a man with big distilling interests.

**Bought for $3,600.**

He sent Mr. Richard Lloyd Jones to investigate the possibility of acquiring title to the property. Mr. Jones found the farm involved in court proceedings and returned to New York, first instructing local attorneys to notify him when the case was finally adjudicated.

In August of the same year came word that the farm had been ordered sold at auction at the court house door of Larue county. Mr. Jones immediately returned to Kentucky, arriving in Hodgenville somewhat in advance of those most keenly interested in securing the farm for commercial exploitation and it was knocked down to him for $3,600. It was after Mr. Jones returned to New York that the Lincoln cabin was acquired by Mr. Collier.

Shortly after Mr. Collier had acquired the Lincoln farm and cabin, the Lincoln Farm Association was organized, to which Mr. Collier deeded the property to be held in trust for the nation.

Joseph W. Folk became president of the organization; Robert J. Collier, vice president and chairman of the executive committee, Clarence H. Mackay, treasurer and Richard Lloyd Jones, secretary.

**Board of Trustees.**

The members of the board of trustees were: William H. Taft, Joseph H. Choate, Samuel L. Clemens, Cardinal Gibbons, Albert Shaw, Henry Watterson, William Travers Jerome, Lyman J. Gage, Ida M. Tarbell, Charles A. Towne, General Horace Porter, Augustus Saint Gaudens, Norman Hapgood, Edward M. Shepard, August Belmont, Oscar S. Strauss, John A. Johnson, Charles E. Hughes, Samuel Gompers, Augustus E. Wilson, William Jennings Bryan, Charles E. Miner and Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

A campaign for funds with which to rear a memorial over the log cabin, on its original site, was then begun and the response was quick and generous. More than 270,000 persons contributed sums ranging from twenty-five cents to $25,000, a total of $383,000 being raised. This response was limited to no one section, men and women of the South coming forward with a readiness equal to that of the citizens of any other section in their desire to pay tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

On the centenary of Lincoln's birth, February 12, 1909, the cornerstone of the beautiful granite memorial structure was laid by President Theodore Roosevelt. On November 9, 1911, the memorial was dedicated by President Taft.

**Cabin Barred to All.**

Within the Lincoln memorial hall resting upon its original site is the Lincoln cabin. Surrounding the cabin is a heavy bronze chain, for no one is allowed to enter its portals.

The memorial building itself stands at the head of a broad flight of granite steps that lead from an old spring. Over the entrance of the building is inscribed the following:

"Here over the log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born, destined to preserve the union and free the slave, a grateful people have dedicated this memorial to unity, peace and brotherhood among these states".

Upon the walls of the interior are cut the Gettysburg speech and the Lincoln ancestry. Beneath the building is a basement with arrangements for keeping the records of the association and its roll of membership which includes every contributor of twenty-five cents or more.

The memorial building is about a mile from the entrance gates and is reached by a fine winding road. The custodian of the farm lives in an old log farmhouse, nearly as old as the Lincoln cabin itself.

The farm itself is divided by a turnpike which leads directly from the square at Hodgenville, where the pedestal of the Lincoln statue by Weinman points the way to Lincoln's birthplace. The road where it passes through the farm is flanked by an old fashioned worm fence made of rails such as Lincoln himself split.

# BRIDE DIES ON THE WAY HOME FROM WEDDING

## Husband Finds Her Lifeless as He Nears Home of Her Parents.

HAVANA, Ill., Sept. 2.—A few hours after a minister had made them man and wife Mrs. Sallie Gildmore Van Auken dropped dead in the arms of her husband, James Van Auken, as he was lifting her from a buggy at the home of her parents in Kilbourne, ten miles from here.

Van Auken, who is a farmer, had driven into Havana with Miss Gildmore earlier in the day, and a local minister performed the ceremony. They started back for the Gildmore farm immediately.

**Come Out to Greet Her.**

As the buggy stopped in the lane and the young woman's parents were coming out to greet her Van Auken was seen to lift her lifeless form from the buggy. He said she had fainted in his arms as he was about to help her out.

A doctor who was called, however, said it appeared the young woman had been dead for a longer period than Van Auken stated.

**Death Causes Mystery.**

Neither Van Auken nor his wife's parents could offer an explanation of the cause of death, as the young woman apparently had been in the best of health. She was twenty-eight years old. Van Auken is one year her senior.

# LINCOLN MEMORIAL

## Will Be Ready for Dedication in Two Years, Says Architect in Charge.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—Two years from this month the $2,000,000 Lincoln memorial now being constructed in Potomac park here will be ready for dedication. The corner stone was laid February 12, 1915. Henry Bacon, architect of the memorial, in speaking of the progress of the work says:

"Before the winter is over the Lincoln memorial will be roofed and the building will be completed and the statue of Lincoln in place two years from now. The largest blocks of marble ever used in the construction of a building have been used in the memorial. One, the largest block, is eighteen feet long and six feet high. It is the top middle stone over the entrance. The memorial when finished will be as tall as an average ten-story office building."

## SERVICE GROWS.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—Since the first experimental rural postal delivery service was established under Postmaster General William L. Wilson, of West Virginia on October 1, 1896, simultaneously on three routes, from Charleston, Uvilla and Halltown, West Virginia, th eservice has grown to require 42,718 carriers, covering 1,073,099 miles and costing $49,825,000 in 1915.

Electrical devices connected with a recently invented mirror cause advertisements to appear on its surface and obscure the features of persons looking into it.

A. Harvey was fined $5 in Winnipeg the other day for beating a kitten to death.